

Missing! 1748, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. All here

VOL. LXVIII. No. 1743.

PUCK BUILDING, New York, July 27th, 1910.

PRICE TEN CENTS

"What fools these Mortals be!"

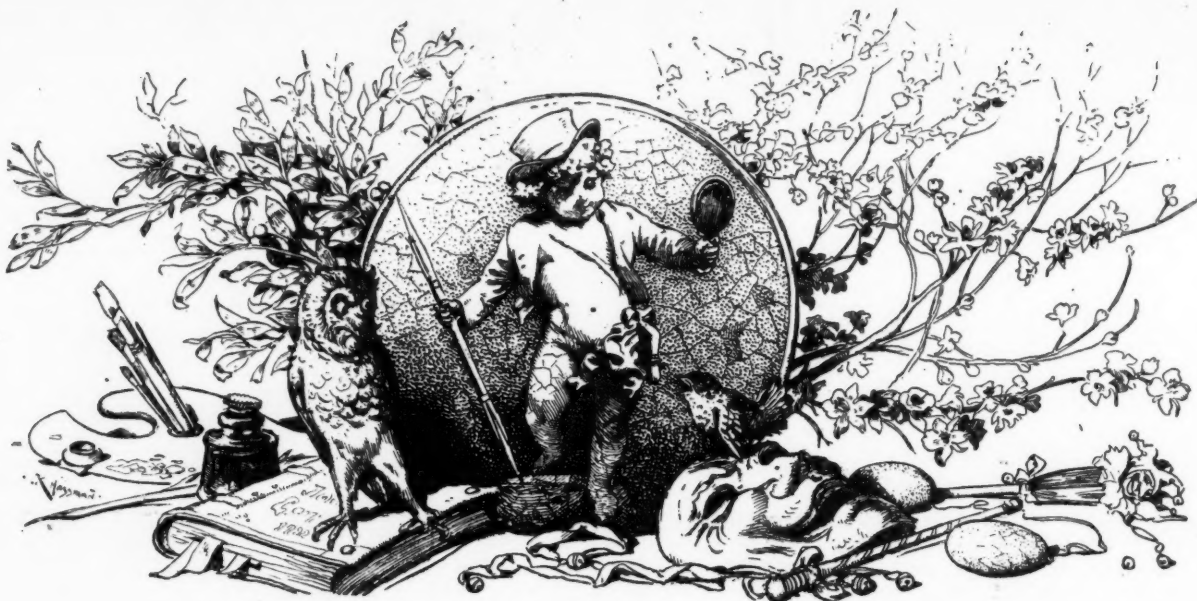
Puck

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MAKING HAY WHILE THE RAIN FALLS.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

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Cartoons and Comments

DEMOCRACY DE LUXE.

NOT the least interesting film in the political moving-picture show just now is that which exhibits in full detail the movements of certain newspapers. If you are a Democrat, and nature has not blessed you with a long memory, you may get some genuine encouragement from their attitude toward national affairs. But if your memory goes back with accuracy for more than a year or two, the encouragement derived will be less marked, though the situation will not be lacking in interesting features. The newspapers referred to, or rather the powers whose mouthpieces they are, feel the keenest satisfaction at the prospect of Democratic success. Apparently they are sincere, and would welcome the inaugural of a government "for the people," but their record of sneering ridicule and bitter opposition to every measure of democracy which the progressive side of the Republican Party has advocated tells another and a vastly different story. Putting two and two together, it is perfectly apparent that these newspapers, or mouthpieces, see a better outlook for Privilege and the Special Interests in the success of sham Democrats—like those, for instance, who messed shamelessly the WILSON tariff in CLEVELAND's second term—than in the continued spread in the interests of genuine non-partisan democracy of such doctrines as the Republican Progressives in House and Senate preach and fight for with such aggressive force. Papers of the sort described, representing with little or no concealment the direct reverse of everything plainly democratic, have about as much liking for democracy with a little *d*

as the Devil has for a font of holy water. Put democratic Democrats in office and, judged solely by its attitude in the recent past, mouthpiece journalism would oppose and hamper them to the limit of vituperation. Democrats advocating a continuance of the doctrine, the greatest good for the smallest, most select number, will pass muster. But none of the other sort need apply.

"WISCONSIN'S convention framed a platform which voiced excellent Republican doctrine, including an indorsement for the PAYNE tariff. Thus that State rebuked Senator LA FOLLETTE even more emphatically than Iowa condemned Senators CUMMINS and DOLLIVER. It is clear that they do not represent the sentiment of the majority of the Republicans of their respective States."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

Wisconsin's "convention" was no convention at all. It was not called by the State Central Committee, its delegates were not elected by the people, it had no official existence. It was simply and solely a gathering of the "Stalwart" or Stand-pat clan in Wisconsin, organized for the purpose of making the country believe that the Republicans of Wisconsin disapproved of LA FOLLETTE. There are no political conventions in Wisconsin now—the primary election law—a LA FOLLETTE measure—long ago did away with them. But unfortunately many Insurgent journals outside of the Badger State do not know this, and Stand-pat organs, if they know it, do not enlighten their readers, for where then would be the value of this item to the Stand-pat cause?

It would quiet the public mind if some of the gentlemen upon whom our universities confer the LL.D could be given instead the title Doctor of Lawlessness.



HARD KNOTS TO UNTIE.

HE SHOULD HAVE KEPT AN EYE ON HIS CLOTHES IF HE DID N'T WANT THE BAD BOYS TO GET AT 'EM.

Deposited by
PEABODY COLLEGE LIBRARY
in
JOINT UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

THE COUNTRY WEEKLY.



JARED GREEN 's planting his rye.
Little mite early for grain.
Squashville, they say, will vote dry.
Looks like a red-hot campaign.
Right badly needed is rain.
Drink cider when you imbibe.
Lemon removes coffee stain.
Now is the time to subscribe.

Amos Slack Sundayed here. Why?
Most folks can guess. Ah there, Jane!
Ike Black is suffering from sty.
Show at the Town Hall again.
Take Perkins' Powders for Pain.*
Gypsies in town, a whole tribe.
New gate in Deacon Smith's lane.
Now is the time to subscribe.

His mule kicked Bill Shinn in the thigh.
John Simpkins is laying a drain.
Sim Slack has a brand-new glass eye.
The Methodist folks entertain
To-night with a spread, to obtain
Enough for the mortgage. Y^e scribe
Will be there on the job raising Cain.
Now is the time to subscribe.

ENVOY.

Prince, give us plenty of brain.
Here there's no grafting, no bribe.
Squashvillians, heed my refrain:
Now is the time to subscribe!

* Adv.

Sam S. Stinson.



THE ORIGINAL "NEVER AGAIN."

(With acknowledgments to T. E. P.)

FROM THE CROOKED CALENDAR.

A CHAIN of circumstantial evidence is as weak as the strongest pull.
One man's deserts are another man's prison.
Love smiles on goldsmiths.
A bird that should Sing-Sing and won't Sing-Sing must be made
to Sing-Sing.
Love me—love my yellow dog.
Better twenty years of Europe than a year up the Hudson.



ADVERTISING PHRASE: "NEXT TO PURE READING-MATTER."

PUCK

THE FATAL RAT.

"I WAS talking with Picket this afternoon," said Bunson, "and I happened to make the remark that women have no sense of humor."

Mrs. Bunson, who was adjusting a rat in her hair, tossed her head.

"Of course women have a sense of humor," she said.

"Did n't Mr. Picket think so?"

"Oh yes, but I told him I could prove they had n't."

"How could you?"

"Why, I told him, for example, that I could come home at any time and tell you the most transparent tale—one that any man would at once see was nothing but a joke—and that you would believe it, and that afterward I could n't convince you it was n't true."

"And what did Mr. Picket say to that?"

"He said I could n't do it."

Said it was n't possible."

"Do you think that it is possible?"

"I don't know whether it is or not—actually—but I believe it is."

Bunson squared around and looked at his wife intently. She had finished adjusting the rat, and was putting a few final touches to the outside of her real hair. His face grew serious.

"They all do it," he observed, half to himself.

"Do what?—what are you talking about?"

"I was thinking about that hair of yours—you have nice hair—"

"Thank you!"

"But of course you have to do as the rest do—add more to it just because it is the style."

"Um. I'm glad that you are decent enough to put it on that ground. You probably really think that it is because I am growing old."

"Nonsense! You never would grow old to me, dear!"

Bunson advanced. His face was more serious than ever. He stood before his wife. There was something determined about him.

"Do you believe," he said, "that a man can love two women at once?"

"I don't know. I would n't be surprised."

"Well, I want to tell you something that happened to me."

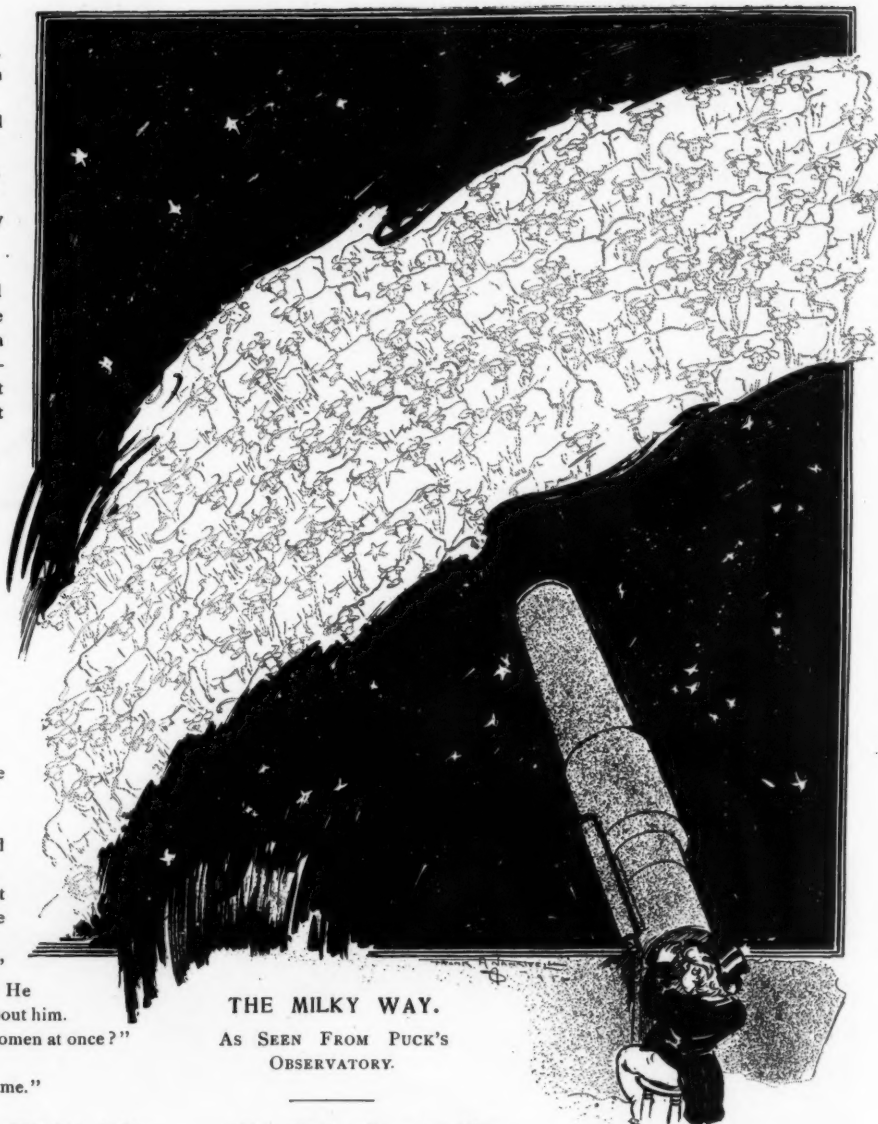
"What are you doing now, joking or not?"

"Certainly not. Never was more serious in my life. This hair fashion has been on my nerves for some time. Why women should go around with a ton or so of superfluous material not belonging intrinsically to themselves I cannot understand. Well, do you remember that two weeks ago—it was Thursday night—I did n't come home to dinner?"

Mrs. Bunson did not appear to be particularly interested. She was making other important adjustments.

"I believe so," she said, absently and abstractedly.

"Well, perhaps you will remember that I went to the theater that night?"



THE MILKY WAY.

AS SEEN FROM PUCK'S OBSERVATORY.

"You didn't tell me anything about it." She turned and looked at him curiously.

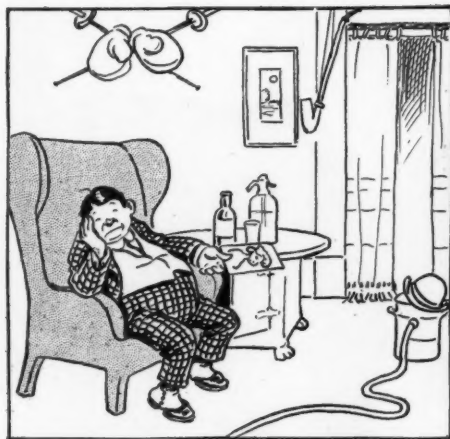
"Didn't I? Yes, I did. I told you I went with a man from the West."

"No, you didn't!"

"Well, I'm sorry, my dear. But the fact is—" Bunson hesitated. Then he went on. "The fact is, something happened to me that night that, well, it altered the whole course of my life."

"I know you did n't come home until nearly one o'clock, and unless I'm greatly mistaken you said that you had been detained at the office."

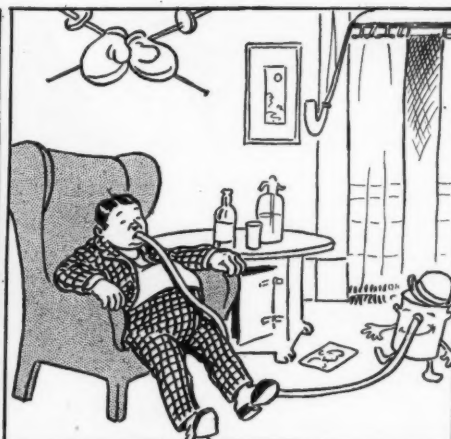
IT TOOK HIS BREATH AWAY.



I.
"Wazzer—uck!—use? Nobody loves fat man! Might's well quit th' game!"



II.
"Bri' idea! Vac—hic—vacuum-cleaner. Take m' breath 'way!"

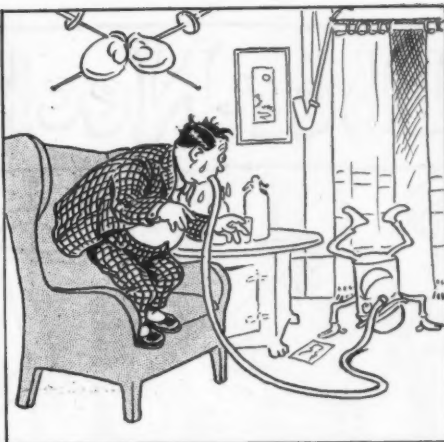


III.
"Goo'-by everybody!"

PUCK



IV.
THE CLEANER.—That smells like a pretty good brand, old boy! Whoop!



V.
"Whoop! Wow! Whee!"



VI.
THE CLEANER.—Glad you let — hic — go, ol' pal! I could n't ha' stood 'nother whiff!

"Possibly. But the affair has gone beyond that now. We went to a musical comedy. While we were sitting there, I noticed the third girl from the end on the right. I looked, and at first I couldn't believe my eyes. Then I saw that it was really true. She had real hair—that is to say, her hair was all her own. And, my dear, maybe it was n't beautiful!"

Mrs. Bunson made no reply.

"I can't tell you," went on Bunson, "the effect that girl had on me. It was n't that she was so beautiful. She was, of course —"

"Oh, of course," interrupted Mrs. Bunson scornfully. "They all are—at night!"

"It was n't that," went on Bunson, raptly, "but the fact that her hair was all real was such a strong contrast to anything I had seen for so long that it gave me a peculiar sensation. It hung gloriously down her back. You see, she was dressed very simply —"

"I can imagine that."

"Now, don't joke. I really mean it. I could tell at once that she was different from the common run. She had a look on her face that revealed to me her innocence. I met her afterward, and then we —"

"Met her?"

"Yes. My friend, you see, knew the manager, and introduced me through him in a roundabout way. She was a minister's daughter in a small country town. Her father and mother died suddenly, leaving her all alone in the world—with nothing but her wonderful hair. She came to the great city, applied for a position in a dramatic school or saw an advertisement. I forget which—I could n't question her; I got her story from the manager—and is now making rapid strides toward —"

"Rapid strides!" repeated Mrs. Bunson. "I can well imagine it. Hia!

What do you mean by telling me all this rambling rigmarole? It's a grossly improbable story!" Bunson drew nearer.

"You may think," he went on, "that I am a fool; but what's the use? I have the greatest respect for you, my dear. We have lived long and amicably together; but I tell you that I love that girl. I know it is wrong, but I can't help it. There are two sides to every man. Now, there's no telling what may happen to her in the atmosphere she is in at present. I feel that it is my duty to protect her, to look after her. I have, I may say, had long and earnest talks with her on the subject. You see, she did n't realize what she was doing. She had to do something, of course. I have suggested to her that she leave the stage. Of course, it would n't quite do to have her here —"

Mrs. Bunson rose.

"Have her here!" she exclaimed, her lips quivering. "Well, well, I like that! I —"

"But I thought," went on Bunson, apparently absorbed in his idea, "that possibly you might know of some family near. She would make an excellent housekeeper. She kept house for her father and mother. Or else —"

Bunson's face grew hard and stern as he faced his wife.

"Or else," he continued, "if it comes to this, if it comes to a parting of the ways between us, why then it will have to be! I cannot help it. You may laugh at me if you will, you may accuse me of perfidy; but there is never any telling what love will do. Oh, my dear, if you had n't worn that old rat, I might still feel toward you as I now do toward the most beautiful creature in the world! But you persisted. You were not satisfied with your own hair."

Mrs. Bunson started to speak, but he interrupted her. His manner was the acme of intensity.

"You may think it
(Continued on Page 11.)

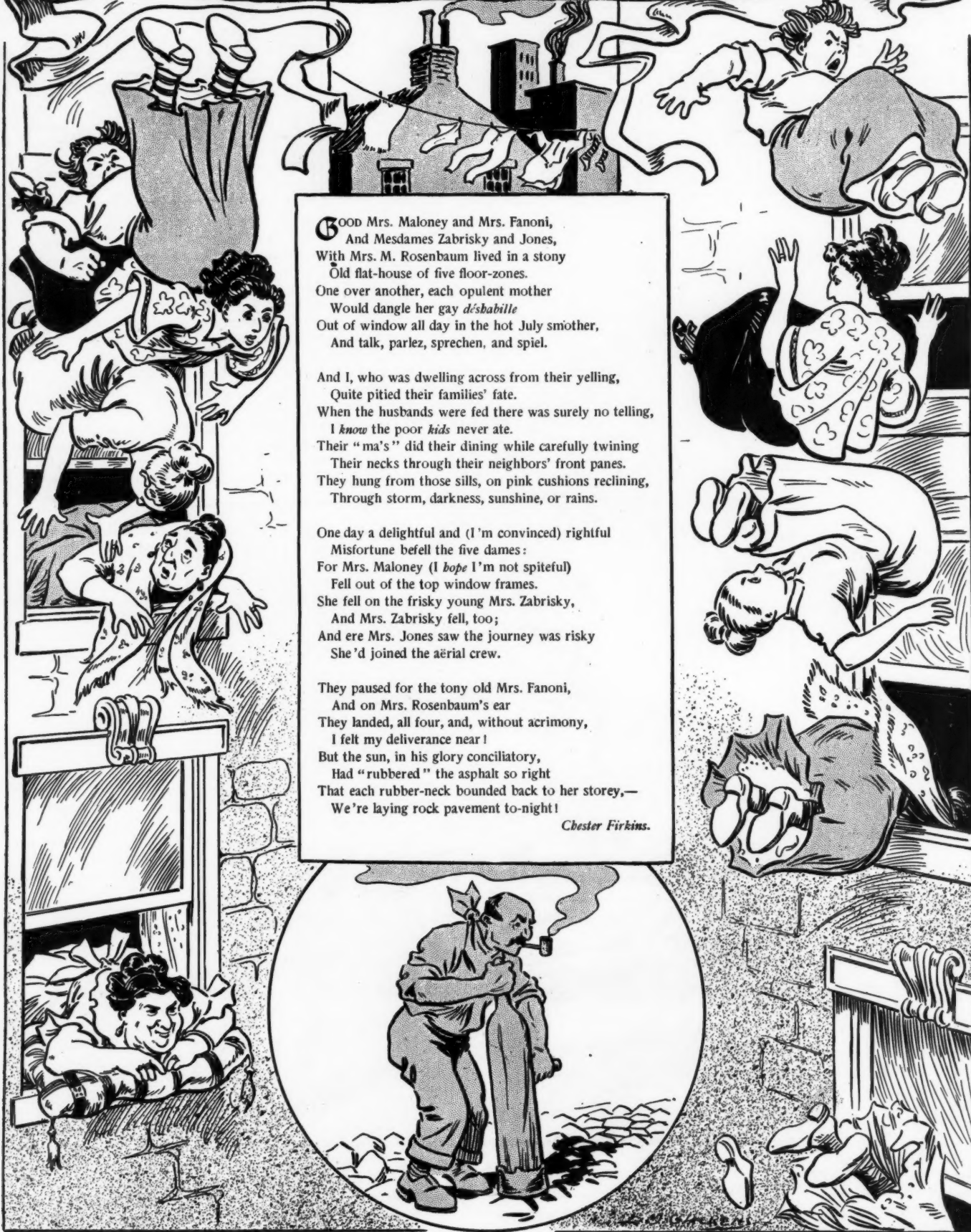


COMPANIONS IN MISERY.

THE PUP.—Hello, old pal! Who did you bite?

We laugh when the joke is on some one else; we grin when it is on ourselves.

The Rubber-Neck Dames.



GOOD Mrs. Maloney and Mrs. Fanoni,
And Mesdames Zabrisky and Jones,
With Mrs. M. Rosenbaum lived in a stony
Old flat-house of five floor-zones.
One over another, each opulent mother
Would dangle her gay *désabille*
Out of window all day in the hot July smother,
And talk, parlez, sprechen, and spiel.

And I, who was dwelling across from their yelling,
Quite pitied their families' fate.
When the husbands were fed there was surely no telling,
I *know* the poor *kids* never ate.
Their "ma's" did their dining while carefully twining
Their necks through their neighbors' front panes.
They hung from those sills, on pink cushions reclining,
Through storm, darkness, sunshine, or rains.

One day a delightful and (I'm convinced) rightful
Misfortune befell the five dames:
For Mrs. Maloney (I *hope* I'm not spiteful)
Fell out of the top window frames.
She fell on the frisky young Mrs. Zabrisky,
And Mrs. Zabrisky fell, too;
And ere Mrs. Jones saw the journey was risky
She'd joined the aerial crew.

They paused for the tony old Mrs. Fanoni,
And on Mrs. Rosenbaum's ear
They landed, all four, and, without acrimony,
I felt my deliverance near!
But the sun, in his glory conciliatory,
Had "rubbered" the asphalt so right
That each rubber-neck bounded back to her storey,—
We're laying rock pavement to-night!

Chester Firkins.

PUCK

SUMMER FANCIES.



Now it's an elephant chasing a snipe,
Now it's a mandarin eating a pig;
Now it is Thackeray smoking his pipe,
Now it's a Hottentot dancing a jig.

Now it's a castle that's built in a tree,
Now it's a flock of sheep out on the turf;
Now it's a sea-serpent skimming the sea;
Now it's a lot of girls out in the surf.

Now it's a mastodon made of potcheese,
Now it's a battleship stately and proud;—
What a gay poet's the gay summer breeze,
Sculping its fancies upon a white cloud!

R. K. Munkittrick.

IN A DOZEN BLOCKS.

"YOU SAY, madam, that you never met the plaintiff in this case but once, and that was on a street-car," said a lawyer to an alert-looking woman who was on the witness-stand. "Will you kindly tell the Court what passed between you?"

"Well, we did n't ride together but a dozen or two blocks, so we did n't have time to say much. We got talking and I remember she told me that she was married and had three children living and two dead and what her husband did and how his mother lived with them and she did n't think it a good plan for the mother on either side to live with their married children, and how she had had four different maids in less than three months and had been downtown to see about another, and how her husband was trying to break his brother's will and I remember that she gave me a new recipe for fruit salad and I gave her one for baked



BY THE MONTH.

MRS. COHENSTEIN.—Leah, who vas you talking to in der kitchen?

DAUGHTER.—To der cook, Mommer.

MRS. COHENSTEIN.—Oh, vell, dot don't cost not'ing! I t'ought it vas der plumber!



THE MAN—

THE KIND OF BATSMAN
THE LADIES LIKE.

bananas, and she told me of a new way to clean gloves without benzene or gasoline that smells so and is more or less dangerous.

She told me her oldest child was just getting over scarlet fever

and that her youngest child nearly died of diphtheria last spring and that lard and cinnamon rubbed on the chest was a good thing for a child with a croupy cough. She said that she was in New York last month and went to the Hippodrome and that she and her husband wanted to go to Europe a year from this summer and she told me of a good way to cook asparagus and that a little smoked bacon ground up with hamburger steak gave it a good flavor and that—let me see: she told me several other things before she got off at her street; but, as I say, we did n't ride together but a few blocks and being strangers to each other we did n't talk very freely at first." M. W.

HEIGHT OF IT.

MR. PHUNN.—I tell you these railroads are a tyrannical lot.

MR. PHANN.—You bet! I've even been at ball-games that were called so the two teams would be able to catch their trains.

MARKS.

UNCLE EBEN.—Were there two Marks at the Uncle Tom's Cabin show last night?

UNCLE EZRA.—More'n that. The audience numbered at least five.

"WHAT do you mean by 'being candid,' Pa?"

"Speaking unto others as you would not like them to speak to you."

UP-TO-DATE.

RICH MAN.—Well, what is the result?
SECRETARY.—Our advertising chemists have carefully examined the prospectus of the Goldbrick Mining Company, and say that it shows about five per cent. traces of veracity.



—AND THE BAT.

THE KIND THAT MAKES GOOD WITH
THE "FANS."



THE BORED WALK.

Education is the contrivance by means of which we manage to make our ignorance more and more variegated.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE VOICE OF THE
SHELLS GIVE A GOOD IMITATION; BUT, JUST AS CHANGE, W



VOICE OF THE OCEAN.
JUST CHANGE, WHY NOT LISTEN TO THE REAL THING?

PUCK



SONG OF BROTHERHOOD.

Oh, how I hate people, Life would be gayer so. I am so tired of Work with 'em, walk with 'em, I'm a good tyke myself, But to share mirth with a
How I detest 'em! Ah, could I only, Faces and faces,— "Mister" and "Madam," Full of romance, too; Gang! No, confound it!
Little or great people— Just for a day or so, Gotham mobs, sired of Fight with 'em, talk with 'em;— Think I could like myself I want an earth with a
Would they'd arrest 'em! Sulk and be lonely! Seventeen races; Wish I'd been Adam! If I'd a chance to. Real fence around it!

Chester Firkins.

OPTIMISM AND PROSPERITY.

"EVERYTHING is prosperous and the prospects favor a continuance of that condition. As soon as I get tired of fishing in Canada, I am going back to Europe."—James Stillman.

When seen at Newport, Mr. Van Reginald Biltmore said: "Everything is prosperous and I see no reason why everyone in America should n't be happy as a clam. As soon as I get tired loafing here, I shall go to one of my other houses and loaf, or else cross the pond for some coaching."



"GRACIOUS! THERE SHE GOES!"

Mr. Pyles O'Coyle is very optimistic over the general outlook. "Everything is prosperous," said he, "and no man who wants work has any valid excuse if he fails to get it. My plans? As soon as I get tired of my camp in the Adirondacks, I am going to take a run up to Iceland in the yacht."

Mr. Firstmort Gage-Bonds arrived on the *Luxuria* this morning. Optimism, he told the newspaper men, was the keynote of the present situation. "Everything is prosperous," he said, "and the prospects favor a continuance of that condition. As soon as I get tired of polo at Cedarhurst, I expect to join a few friends on a pleasure tour of Alaska."

REMINDED.

NOAH'S countenance wore an obfuscated look. The Ark was loaded and ready to sail; the rain had begun. "I believe I have forgotten something," he growled. "I know what it is, pa!"

cried Japhet. "You want to write down in your diary that life is just one damp thing after another, before the paragraphs beat you to it."



"BULLY! JUST THE THING! COULDN'T BE BETTER!"

PUZZLING.

"THAT actress is undergoing a tremendous mental strain." "Trying to learn a new rôle?"

"No. Trying to decide whether she will get more advertising as a Suffragette or as an opponent of Votes for Women."



A CLEAN SCORE.

THE MAN.—A good canoeist? Well, I guess I am! Only tipped over twice in my life.

THE MAID.—How many times have you been out?

THE MAN.—Twice!

The first kiss settles very little. If a fish can nibble the bait and still get away, how much more a man?

(Continued from Page 5.)

strange that I tell you this," he continued, "but we might as well have it out now as at any other time. I have met my affinity. That's all there is to it. Now, to business: I am perfectly willing, of course, to give you an ample settlement. Anything within reason."

His manner had gradually become more convincing. Mrs. Bunson, at first not greatly concerned with what he had been saying, now began to show her own emotions. The refer-



THE AFTERMATH.

MR. LION (*gruffly*).—Well, what are you collecting for, Madam?

MRS. CHIMPANZEE.—The Crippled Cubs' Hospital, sir.

MR. LION.—Suffering cats! And during the past month I've been touched for contributions to the Widows' Pension Fund, the Tumbo Orphans' Home, the Veterans of the Invasion and Martyred Animals Monument Fund!

ence to the rat in particular had had a telling effect. It introduced a touch of realism into the whole scene that was very convincing.

"Are you telling me the truth?" she asked.

"I most certainly am. Never was more in earnest in my life! I tell you, my dear——"

"Don't you 'my dear' me——"

"That she is the most remarkable young girl I ever saw—one in ten thousand! Her beautiful, lustrous eyes haunt me even now. Her pathetic story, her youth, her extreme innocence, her simplicity, and not only that, but her absolute devotion to me—all are so wonderful that I can scarcely believe it. It's all very well for you to be scornful—I expected that—but I would go with her now, in spite of everything! Hell may lie that way, it may be madness for both of us, but nothing matters beside this love of ours—all the world may scoff, but her heart clings to mine and mine to——"

"Stop!" Mrs. Bunson, now thoroughly aroused, and almost in a frenzy, turned on her eloquent husband.

"How dare you talk that way!" she cried. "I could stand it, I could stand anything—your horrid allusions and your silly gush—but to think you should refer to my hair in that way! It is too much, too much!" She burst into tears. Bunson sprang to her side.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed. "Of course you understand that it's all a joke!"

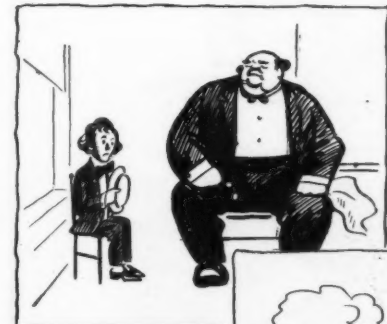
"I understand nothing! Go away!"

"You know there is no minister's daughter; there is no girl with only her own hair; there is no pathetic affinity—I just did it to see if you could take it as a joke—don't you understand?"

"No, I don't. You're contemptible! I don't ever want to see you again! Leave me!"

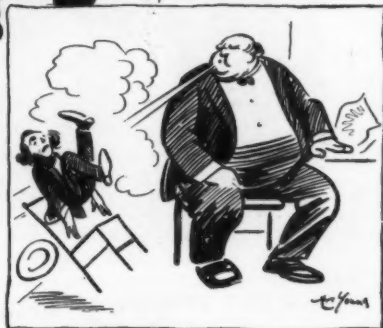
Bunson paused. The great, the overwhelming truth of what he had claimed to his friend in the first place came over him. He was right.

"Look here, my dear," he said, impressively. "Just listen: Don't you see that not only is this all a joke, but that I took the precaution of preparing you for it beforehand. I told you—I warned you that I was going to do it. I knew that, if I told you that simple tale in itself, there was a chance of your really believing in it or of leaving a lingering impression about it that would be hard to eradicate. And so, as an added precaution, I paved the way by warning you that, just to test your sense of humor, I would tell you an impossible tale. And now can't you see that I was only joking?"



ACCOMMODATING.

LOCAL POET.—I'm going to read a poem at the banquet to-morrow evening, and I expect you to help me along with a puff.



THE EDITOR GIVES HIM A PUFF.

"No such thing!" she exclaimed. "You did n't do it for that reason at all. You did it on purpose, so that afterward you could make me believe that it was n't true!"

TOM MASSON.



Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde At the Telephone

Courteous and considerate co-operation is as essential at the telephone as in the office or home.

usually given to their regular employees.

In every use of the telephone system, three human factors are brought into action—one at each end, one or both anxious and probably impatient, another at the central office, an expert, at least as intelligent and reliable as the best stenographers or bookkeepers.

Perfect service depends upon the perfect co-ordinate action of all three factors—any one failing, the service suffers. This should never be forgotten.

For the time being, this central office factor is the personal servant of the other two and is entitled to the same consideration that is nat-

All attempts to entirely eliminate the personal factor at the central office, to make it a machine, have been unsuccessful. There are times when no mechanism, however ingenious, can take the place of human intelligence.

The marvelous growth of the Bell System has made the use of the telephone universal and the misuse a matter of public concern. Discourtesy on the part of telephone users is only possible when they fail to realize the efficiency of the service. It will cease when they talk over the telephone as they would talk face to face.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Puck Proofs PHOTOGRAVURES FROM Puck

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TIME, THREE A.M. — ASLEEP AT LAST.

By Angus MacDonall.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

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This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send 10 cts. for Catalogue with over 70 Miniature Reproductions.

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PARIS GARTERS



A Necessity with Knee Drawers
They fit so well, you forget they're there
25¢, 50¢ and \$1.00 at your dealers, or sample pair from the makers.
A STEIN & CO.
505 Center Ave Chicago.

NO METAL
can touch you

Pears'

No impurity in Pears' Soap.

Economical to use.

It wears out only for your comfort and cleanliness.

Sold in every land.

White Rock

American Water for American People

DISASTROUS GALLANTRY.



I.
"Beg pardon, my dear young lady, but we will never get our boats disentangled in this way. I understand rowing thoroughly. Will you therefore allow me to—"

A bottle of Abbott's Bitters should be on every table to serve with the soup course. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.



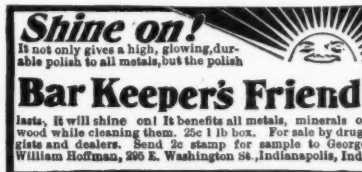
Philip Morris
ORIGINAL LONDON **Cigarettes**

One after another has "made good" for fifty years—and each on a higher level.

CAMBRIDGE
in boxes of ten
25c

AMBASSADOR
the after-dinner size
35c

"The Little Brown Box"



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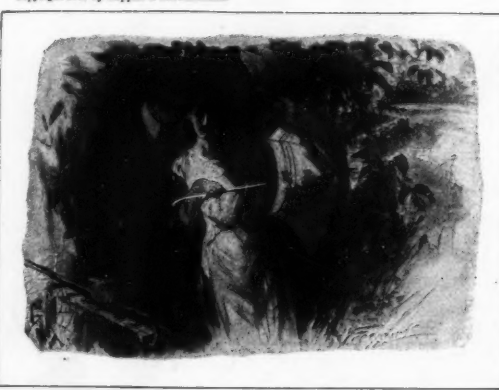
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By E. Frederick.

Photogravure in Sepia, 20 x 15 in.

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SCARED.

BACON.—And did they call for the author of the piece to come before the curtain?

EGBERT.—Oh yes.

BACON.—And did he come out and make a speech?

EGBERT.—No; he sent an apology.

BACON.—For his failing to appear?

EGBERT.—No; for the play!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

FAVORITE FICTION.

"My Friends Are Urging Me to Become a Candidate."

"Yes, I Can Drink Booze or I Can Let It Alone."

"Why Papa, I Don't Wear Half as High Heel Shoes as Other Girls Do!"

"No, I Would n't Go Across the Street to See a Prize-Fight."

"I Can Sleep Ever So Much Better in a Chair Car Than I Can in a Sleeper."

"Yes, Madam, Your Daughter's Voice Shows Great Promise."

"I'm Always Glad to Have a Friend Tell Me of My Faults."—*Chicago Tribune*.

PRECISELY STATED.

TEACHER.—Tommy, what is the feminine of the masculine "stag"?

TOMMY (whose mother is a society leader).—Afternoon tea, Ma'am.—*Evening Wisconsin*.

NEW STEEL CARS

FOR THE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED.

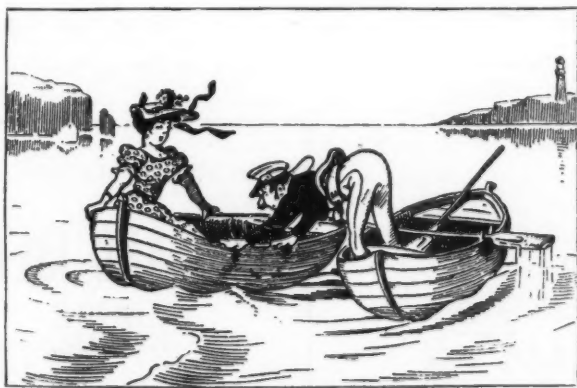
There are now under construction by the Pullman Company five complete steel trains for the 20th Century Limited, running between New York and Chicago via the New York Central Lines. They will be placed in service within a very short time.

Cars of steel construction have for a considerable time been used for local service. There have been many problems to work out in the steel construction of Pullman cars for through service that have now been successfully solved, and the cars now building will provide every feature of comfort and elegance, and will ride with a minimum of vibration. The steel cars on account of increased weight will be more costly for the railroads to operate. The present cars weigh about 120,000 pounds each; the new ones will weigh about 140,000 pounds, making an increase of about 20,000 pounds in the weight of each car, or about 160,000 pounds in the train of eight cars.

An improved system of electric lighting will be installed that will diffuse a soft light throughout each car. In the Buffet-Smoking car there will be an innovation in the shape of a shower-bath, a feature that will undoubtedly be very popular. In this car there will be a system of ventilation by exhaust fans that will immediately carry off tobacco smoke, keeping the air always fresh.

Orders have been placed for a large number of steel cars for the New York Central, and as fast as the builders can turn them out other passenger trains will be equipped with them.

The use of steel equipment in the face of an increased cost of construction and operation is evidence that the New York Central will spare no expense in providing comfort and safety for its patrons.



II.
—"take things in hand. See? A little push and the matter —"
(Continued on following page.)

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

AGAINST THE LAW.

PARENT.—Now, Bobby, tell Mrs. Parsons why the five virgins who forgot to take oil with them were called foolish.

BOBBY.—'Cause they ought to have known they could n't run autos after dark without a light.—*Harper's Magazine*.

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on every box.

Learn for yourself why over 30,000 people have written praises of Allen's FOOT-EASE. For FREE Trial Package, address ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

HITTING IT UP.

A guest in a Cincinnati hotel was shot and killed. The Negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

"'Bout like dis way," explained the Negro, clapping his hands with an interval of about a second between them.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's shoe in de basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was a-passin' de Big Fo' depot."—*Herald and Presbyter*.

EASY.

WOODLEY.—It's hard for us who are accustomed to speak only English to pronounce some of the French words that are so commonly used.

WISE.—Oh, I don't think so.

WOODLEY.—You don't? Then how do you pronounce e-m-b-o-n-p-o-i-n-t?

WISE.—Fat. — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!

"Your new maid uses broken English, does n't she?"

"Mostly broken China, I should say!" — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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Bulletin.

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The standard railway first of all seeks to safeguard its passengers. This is accomplished by the use of heavy steel rails and a rock-ballasted roadbed; by a regiment of experienced track repairers always on the job; a reliable signal system; a high grade of equipment, and engineers who are ever alert.

COMFORT

A perfect roadbed and high standard equipment also promote comfort. The new steel coach is both safer and more comfortable than the parlor cars of the last century; while the Pullman cars of the Limited trains with their bath rooms and barber shops; their obliging attendants; their ladies' maids and stenographers; their electric lights, libraries, current literature, drawing-rooms, observation parlors, and buffets, and the dining car service afford the conveniences of the best hotels.

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The banker, the lawyer, the business man leaves New York on the "Pennsylvania Special" at 3.55 P. M., to-day and arrives in Chicago at 8.55 to-morrow morning. This is speed. It is the result of all the combined efforts in track, signal, and motive power construction, and in alert and skillful operation. It is the climax of the experience of the progressive railroad man.

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. — N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.

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Though the creations are De Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. — Detroit Free Press.

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." — Boston Times.

The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. — Boston Times.

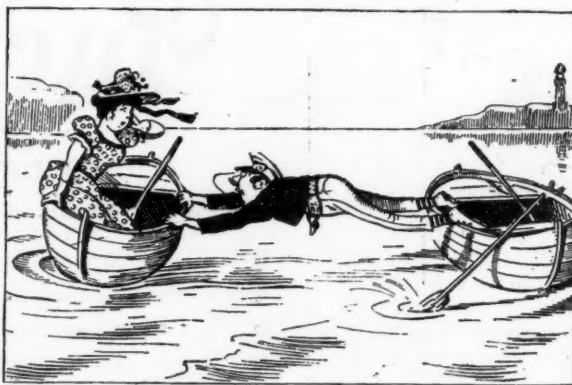
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III.

"Oh, it seems my boat has slipped away a trifle too far!"

BITTERS? Tonic or Cocktail? Answer: Caroni!
It is one better than the best.
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ONE morning Jenkins looked over his garden wall and said to his neighbor:
"Hey! What are you burying in that hole?"
"Oh," he said, "I'm just replanting some of my seeds, that's all."
"Seeds!" shouted Jenkins angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens!"
"That's all right. The seeds are inside." — Christian Work.

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Pictures there are apt to differ from those seen elsewhere. The House Committee of a club strives for a certain exclusiveness in pictures; subjects which may not be had by the dozen or gross in any department-store or print-shop. The result is that the walls of a club, in addition to artistic attractiveness, have NOVELTY.

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You may have in your home as exclusive an array of pictures as any club you frequent, or you may

"Life ain't nothin' but disappointment," groaned the Chronic Grouch. "Cheer up!" urged the Cheerful Mutt. "Did n't you git fifty dollars fer puttin' yer picture in the paper as havin' ben cured of all yer ills by Bunks's Pills?" "Yes, I did. An' now all my relatifs are askin' me why I don't go to work, now th't I'm cured!" — *Cleveland Leader*.


SUGGESTIVE.

MARY (aged six). — Uncle Charlie, I wish you many happy returns of your birthday, and mamma said that if you gave me a dollar not to lose it, — *Lippincott's*.

Hunyadi János

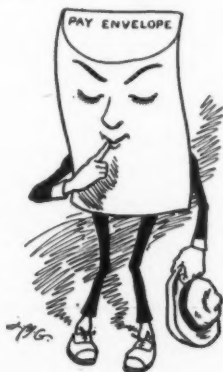
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IV.

"—— ! ! ! —but that was a wet story!" — *Lustige Woche*.

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A MAN OF FEW WORDS.

Mr. Jones, who is a man of few words, went into a music-store to buy some music for his wife.

"Mikado libretto," he said to the clerk.

The clerk started. "What's that?" he asked.

"Mikado libretto," said Jones again.

"Me no spik de Italian," said the clerk. — *Lippincott's*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A BIRD IN THE HAND.

HE.—Be this the Woman's Exchange?

SHE.—Yes.

HE.—Be you the woman?

SHE.—Yes.

HE.—H'm! Then I guess I'll keep my Sal! — *Harper's Bazar*.

"HERE'S where we must part company," said the comb to the brush as they were laid on the bureau of the guest chamber. — *Lampoon*.

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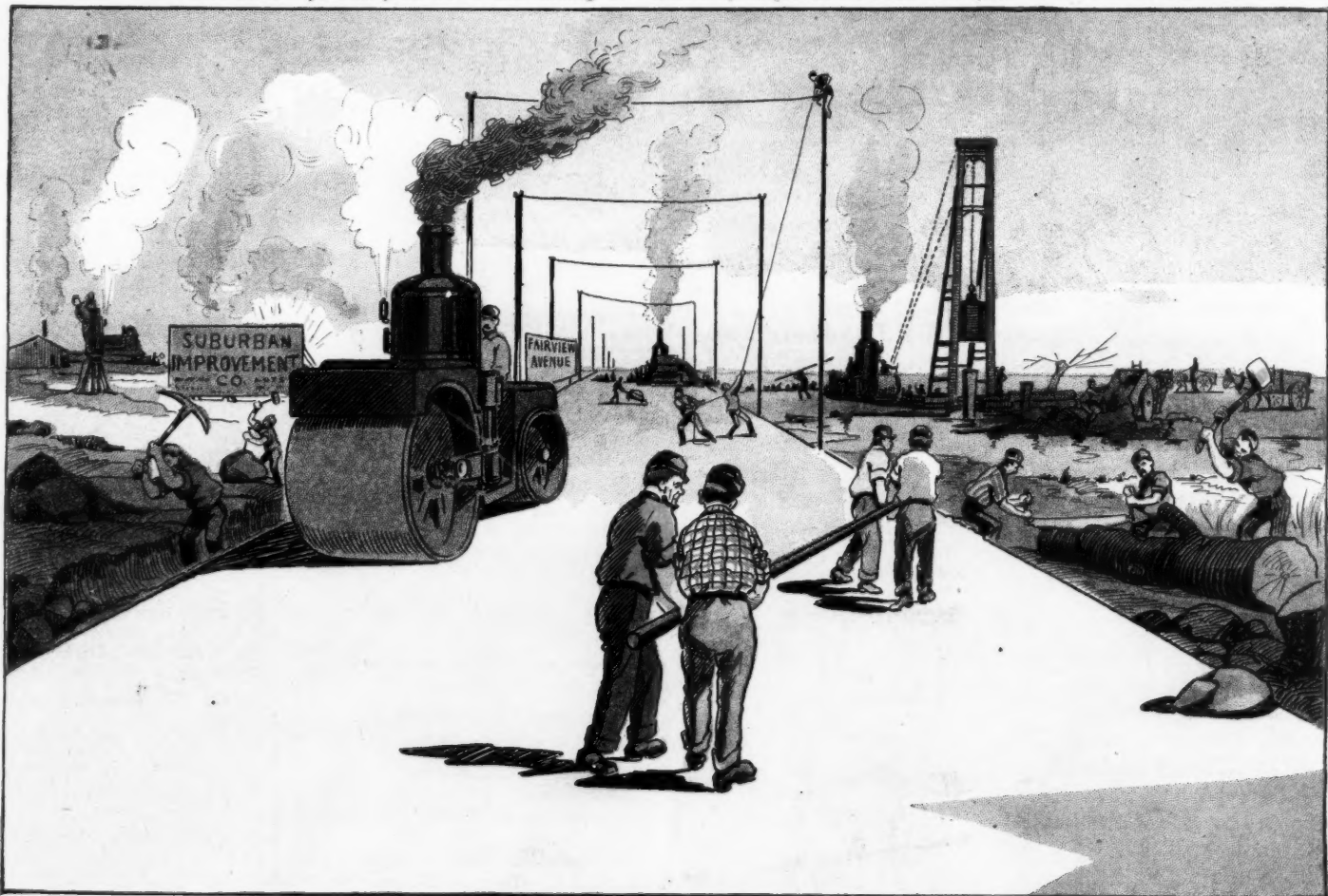
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